

Damascus Sandwich

Austria, once, and a bulbous red Mercedes
badged with every auto club in Europe.

Our black Humber Hawk a stove against its
ornate shimmer. Up here for tourist chapel
whose history tells about French profligate.

Into it by boozy lark, out in full
belief! Wow! By all accounts, he

never looked back. Becoming
unshakable Brother So and So in

pumiced cell, narrow spotlight
above tonsure for hoary BBC
travelogue. "So we leave you

with this HOLY image from the Mon-
ah-stree of Mer de Merde." Sorry.

We do our slow thing here, not much
instant at this lowly mon-ah-stree.

("Whoa! Chomping Paul's Damascus
sandwich? Take it easier for more en-
joyment!" chortles priestly wag.)

At the Softball Game our own
French contemplative achieves
miraculous contact and runs left

to 3rd base, keeps motoring
this opposite way. Awful monk-
ish tumble into a tag of sweeping

majesty by 1st Baseman, Brother
Anthony, who announces in choking,
dusty glee, "Hey! Nearly anti-triple!"

We all move towards this chaos

of moment. I call the game off because of dusk, and dusty bedlam.

And Beck's--we tap a mini keg. Frenchie, enlightened as to rule, shrugs to our hilarity: "The wrong, is beautiful!" Alone, I mull by after-

glow. Which way reels my too-imperfect service? Running

3rd to 1st is it? Endless loop? Or just showboating reverence?

Guest Rabbi's usual, funny intro during our last seminar: "A story is told of..."

Yeah, in this case, of a severely inward crew who hacked at

softballs. Hot, sweaty, uncool still, as wraiths of mists float

through and we lift faces to spritzing air. In later blackness, Frenchy resonates with

feathering rain.
"He sends the lovely. And This Faith!"